

Our new home

Montevallo,
Alabama



The house is a
hundred years
old. Sure looks it!



This is the old
kitchen. It's going
to be our utility
room.



Mom calls this back
room the Civil War
room, because the war
came & they never finished
it



The antique barn



DANGER —
MEN WORKING —



This is
some of
the fence
we had
to start
with.



BETT * D.A.N

The foundation is finished, the basement is in and the house is turned inside out. Inside walls are on the outside.



The two chimneys have been rebuilt.



Wonder what Jacob Perry is thinking?



The old
well, give me
a faucet any
day!



PHEW !!!



This is mom's
powder room.
We also call it
Miss Bessie's.



Up on the hill.



Path to one
of the outside
bathrooms.



View of the falls.



We never got
up nerve to
ride them.



These horses
belong to Cal
and Eddie. They
left them on our
pasture the first
winter we were
here.



Lazy - Bones !!





"LIZ"



Cedar posts for sale.
Split 32¢
Round 27¢



"TAKE"



Pete is a country cat now. At first she was afraid and wouldn't go far from the house. The other day mom went to get the cows and Pete was just sitting out in the woods watching her.



mom planted this little cedar the first year but it died.





The best
post-hole
diggers in
Shelby County.



Johnnie and dad
made the power
saw and sawed
up big logs for
the fireplaces.



Fresh butter.

The rocks down by the
pig pasture which will
be our side lawn
some day.



On thanksgiving day
the road was too muddy
for the taxi, and being
unexpected guests, and no-
one watching for us, Bett
and I cut through the
woods and walked across
these rocks.

The day we poured
the front porch floor.
I carried the water.



Johnnie operated
the concrete
mixer.



Bett pounded ~



Just what
did Jake do?



Maybe dad
will get
the railing
on soon.



Country-gal~



Our first pigs. They
are ^{now} hams and little
porkchops.



MARTHA



Johnnie built
the pig houses



Bett and
I painted
them



Our first Christmas
here. Mom made
big wreathes with
big red paper bows
and put pine cones
in them. Johnnie
brought in the
biggest cedar tree
he could find and
we decorated it from
top to bottom. No
electricity yet, so no
lights.



We wanted
everyone to
know what
we were
painting.

THE LOGGING PROCESS

Timber!



Spot +
Series



One - two -
three - four -





Okay boys, hop to it.

The old crow
is really loaded
down.



Get up Bill.



Ready to go.

Our first calves.
We had six and
five died of pneumonia.



Run upon porkchop
run



Bonnie, she's
the only one
that lived.



The beginning
of the tenant
house.



"Falls"



Tramps



Our lumber
yard

Dad
has
on
his
bank
hat.



Wintertime!

We need firewood





A logger in
action.



In the siding
at Aldridge.



Bashful -

Dad sold a great
part of his cedar
to Lane Co. for
Cedar Chests, at
Buena Vista, Virginia.





The railing is finished!



Mary Low



A college - hot.



James



One of the
graves in our
graveyard.



~ Petite ~

~Esther~



She looks like
she stepped out
of the bible
with that staff.



Eddie and his
new truck.





Prima has a flea-

~ Prima ~



The new bridge
down the road.

First calf
born on
the place.



Button-nose }



Martha's first
batch of children -



Our new poppa-pig.
His official name is White Boy,
but we call him Boris.



Then Mary, our former
maid, said this, she
said, "Lord have
mercy."



Mom floats
up and down
the creek in
her inner-
tube singing
Zippa - le - do-
la, zippa - do-
la -



Ready to go black-
berry picking. That hat!

Cotton field
along the
road to Reddick.





Dad rented some of
Puddie's land. He
took a lunch over
and had a picnic.



Looks like the
Tobacco Road
Family.





Dad's new tractor.
They are trying
to make each
field a little bit
bigger.

Planting oats.



FOX!!!



My new saddle horse. He is fine gaited and a very spoiled horse. He goes exactly where he wants to go, the reason for the silly expression on my face.



Johnnie won't admit it but he likes to ride. He has ridden Fox over to look at his oats several times.



Two other amateur jockies -





Our hundred year
old foot log.

Doris and Carol
came to spend a few
days with me while
I was on my vacation
in November.

"I'm not for
sure if I like
this."



"What's he doing?"



"Hey, you pigs!"



"Watching Rosie"



This was Bullet.
He was sick so
Carol could get
close to him.



She was
a little
afraid of
these pigs.



The eleven new
yearlings and
the calves.



Dad is in pig heaven while
feeding these specimens, in
more ways than one. This
is Rosie's first litter. She
had eleven and both dad
and Rosie are very proud.

Down by
the water-
hole.





These are our
first chickens.
Most of them
ran in the
house.



Dawn lay
the bridge.



Uncle John stopped
on his way home
from New Orleans.



Maude



My horse
and I. Just
finished lunch
and Vera and
I are going
riding.



Yea Gods!!



Top is really
a sight to
see when
he runs.



Look at Major!



Sometime Johnnie's picture
is taken more often
on my horse.



We went about
12 miles that day.



"Harold"
"Herald Angels"

"I want my mama"

Little "Herald Angels" was born on the 24th. of Dec. so we wanted to name him something connected with Christmas. He is really beef type especially from the rear.





Wally Mahler stopped dad
buying for a week. He had
been to the market
He worked like a beaver
and we enjoyed his car



He helped dad
plant the potatoes.
Boy, we really worked
hard!!!



He plowed the garden.



Jake nearly
killed himself
working.



Top always
gets thin
in the
winter.



Rear view of
the house.
The garage is
practically finished.



"Khoa"



This is Rosie's second
litter. Eleven again!!



mary and Hippie
He sold them
Poor Hippie

Study of how
a calf gets its
breakfast, lunch
and supper.



ain't she a killer?



Well, look at us!!





James and Ada
plowing the
garden.



We look kind of puny for
country people.



Dad's nephew,
Johnnie Mahler.



Spring is here,
see the flowers
peeping up.





DINNER TIME!!



Uncle John



Just fishing!!



Two new chicken
houses going
up.



These will be
our corn-cribs
this year. (1948)



"Hump"



Mom thought her
Jonquils were simply
beautiful.



Aunt Edna

Gert, Edna
and John came
for a visit in
June.



Uncle John

{The three}
horsemen.



Aunt Gert



This is Pinky, he had
such a pink nose when
he was born.



Laurine, John Cd,
and Harry came
out for the
afternoon. They
enjoyed the
badlands.



Gotta keep
it clean.



1949 }
FORD }



MISSION CHURCH - AT STRAVEN



Have some butter milk?



Uncle George,
Uncle Al
came to visit
us a week
in September.

Uncle George and
Uncle Al and Louie
helped build the
wagon while they
were here.



The new wagon.



Time to harvest the corn.



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Uncle Al and Louise
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The new wagon



Time to harvest the corn.



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Uncle Al
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us a week
in September.



SUSIE-QUE, RUTH and SPOT



The new cattle.



DOMINO-BILL

The wild cows calf.



Feeding time -



Pigs will
be pigs !!
such manners.



DOMINO - BILL

He didn't have
to wear that
neck-piece long.
He soon calmed
down.



Kell - Pandor us -



F O X

and

I



Ruth spent
a weekend with me.



This was
the only
way Ruth
would cross
the foot log.



I'm up on a
rock in the
badlands.



*you gotta get
across somehow.*





"Falls"

Mom and Dad
are feeding Holinsky.
He was a runt
and mom said if
he lived she would
sell him and buy
some Holinskys. He
died! No Holinskys.





Aunt Jennie
came to see
us in January
1949. She had
a little snow.
I guess she
brought it
with her
from Yankee
land.



The corn in
the Cove, 1949

The corn is as
high as an elephant's
eye.



This is Jupiter.
Someone dropped
him out on the
road and we
took him in.
We had
him about
a month
& Johnnie
accidentally
ran over him.





-Esther-



My new dog, Josephine.
She was a stray dog
out in the mill. She
loves everybody -





Our first
building,
the new
warehouse.



Beth came
for the weekend.
She, mom & I went
for a long bike ride
on the neighbors land.

From this hill we
could look down and
see the creek in the
shape of a horseshoe.





Sue was
funny. Even
the dog is
laughing.



Dat.



Poor Top, he was
sick and I didn't
know and made him
ride us around all
afternoon.



Off for a hike.



The Colonel →

Marie and Harold
came to see us
on their way
back from Florida. (1950)



The trail of the
lonesome pines.





Graduated from
college. March, 1950.



Josephine's four
children.

Tubby ----- Girl
Frenchy, Jr. - Boy
Bobby ----- Girl
Goldie ----- Girl



-Bobby-



-Goldie-



This is the
way we husked
corn in the fall
of 1950. Josie
would stop
and rest
whenever
we did.



Doug
Dena & Genie's
little boy



This is Shelly
my English
Shepard puppy.





Christmas
1950 -
no floors, yet!



Shelly and
Grandpa -





We hiked
somewhere
every day



Spent a lot of
time down
at the "falls."



May 1951 Vacation
agnes, Mary Jansen,
Gertie & Ethel
came to visit.





Up in the
badlands -



Uncle
Red's
second
child .



"The Sycamore"



We went
to see the
Dogwood Falls
and the cave.
Mary Jo was
disappointed
in the cave.



"Office Picnic
1952"

Paul & Virginia & Ginger
Virginia & Jim
Nell took the picture.



me & Josh &
Jasmine.
Johnnie took
her in as a
stray & finally
had to shoot
her, she had
mange so bad.



"Josh"
Found him as a tiny
puppy running down
the road.



Josh, the
peasant.
Jake the
aristocrat.

"Christmas 1951"

" Margaret "

'May 1952'
margaret spent two weeks with us.



She spent hours painting,
with Josh & Jake as
companions.



This was the day she
painted a picture of the
house from across the road.



On
the
front
porch.





Margaret & Jake in
front of flower bush.



From across the road.

1952

Ethel, Agnes, Gert, Lorraine
& Margaret Jansen
came for a week.
Just back from
shopping.



Our church
in Montevallo.



1952



Gert went in dress & all.



"Ethel"



The Mob



Louise sure enjoyed the creek.



Gert



Laurie & Josh



Jake & Josh like
Christmas, too





Pa with his
Christmas gifts.



Christmas 1952



Johnnie



New floors, but
no woodwork.

January
1953
Gert came
for a visit.



Walking



"March 1954"



Ethel & Jennie came
for a vacation.

Jake



Mom



Jennie

In the Badlands
They did get to the top.



Boys, was it hot.

Johnnie
& Jake



Joann & Carol
came the summer
of 1955.



Carol almost drove into the
creek. Her foot got caught in the pedals.



Crossing
the footlog
to pick
blackberries.



Ain't this
something?
Ma and Pa
Mahler ~



Happy
Summer
Days ~





Joann



Bett, after the accident,
Summer time
sure is wonderful





Jeanne & Carol



Johnnie



Mary Louise Jones'
little girl - Dianne.



Old Gert
the milk
cow. She
had to go
to market

The Cairns came over
to get firewood -



Tad, Nick, Pa & Tom -





Doug



Home



Tenise's kids -
Linda & Doug



Johnnie



Mom



Bett



Ruppy Dan under the
table with my shoes



Pa at work

1955

1955



Agnes, Gert
& Margie came
for a visit.



Johnnie



Margie



T. V. Time